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ANNUAL OF THE SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS

ANNUAL OF THE SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ROYAL CORTISSOZ

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
M C M X I

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Published November, 1911

NOTE

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INTRODUCTION

THE Society of Illustrators was organized in New York in 1901. Since that time its membership has steadily increased, making it a representative body in whose work we may study a very characteristic development of American art. Hitherto familiarity with that work has rested, as of course it must always largely rest, upon acquaintance with current books and periodicals; but now it is proposed that the Society shall have, in addition, a more personal means of affirming its principles. It appropriately marks the tenth year of its existence by publishing a book for which it is itself responsible. The present volume is the first in a series of "Annuals" which it is intended to issue henceforth. It is the aim of the Committee on Publication yearly to present in this way a collection fully expressive of the individualities concerned in its preparation. Each member has the privilege of sending in one drawing of his own choice — preferably unpublished — and no limitation of any sort is imposed, save, naturally, as to the mode of reproduction. Such a series should possess, I think, a distinct historical value, preserving from year to year the salient traits of our school of illustration, and exhibiting its progress. Its carries on, too, a clearly recognizable sequence. One of the most interesting things about the art for which this book stands is the fact that American illustration has a past, possessing landmarks if not traditions. It is pleasant and not unprofitable to glance at some of these. One instance in particular I have in mind of what was done long ago toward the formation of an American school of black-and-white.

It is the more suggestive because it dates from a tragic period, during which most people were watching for news from the battlefield rather than from the studio. In 1863 there was published in New York an "Artist's Edition" of Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." It had been prepared with extraordinary care for the proper presentation of text and picture, thus touched upon in a prefatory note:

INTRODUCTION

"An intelligent and discriminating taste for this manner of illustration, and for general excellence in the art of book making, is rapidly increasing in our community, even in this period of national discipline; and the publisher of this volume has endeavored to place it a step in advance, to meet the purer and severer requirements of popular demand. The illustrations are engraved from original designs by many of our most eminent artists, who have taken a warm interest in this experiment." Who were the "eminent artists" in that devoted band? Hoppin, Darley, Eytinge, Casilear, Bellows, Huntington, Hart, Lumley, Colman, McEntee, Leutze, Kensett, Brown, and divers others. The names are not all widely remembered, perhaps, yet the list is a veritable roll of honor, for these men unquestionably built up an "intelligent and discriminating taste." It is worth while to consider the spirit in which they went to work to do so.

They had, to begin with, a sense of scale and a sense of color. One lesson they had learned, as old as the "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili," and that was the adaptation of the illustration to the printed page. They did not carry that lesson, it is true, to its logical conclusion, because such academic training as they had enjoyed reacted only upon their sense of form, and that, by the way, somewhat disadvantageously. They did not understand the decoration of a book as it was understood, for example, by the marvellous Frenchmen of the eighteenth century. Still, they knew the difference between a book illustration and an easel picture, their landscapes especially being so judiciously composed as to fit very harmoniously the limitations of their page, and they were, besides, not unskilful and sometimes positively happy in their decorative vignettes, their little initials, head and tail pieces. In all this work, you feel, as I have said, their sensitiveness to scale. The picture is well-balanced. It never dislocates the typography. The artist really does his best to collaborate with the printer. Moreover, his tone is kept well in hand. Doubtless he had his engravers to thank, in a measure, for the effects secured in this regard. The wood blocks, all done by "Messrs. Richardson & Cox," have a uniformity of color for which these gentlemen were, of course, largely responsible. But it is plain from the whole spirit in which this edition of the "Sketch Book" was illustrated that the artists themselves determined the prevailing key. It was a key for which many an illustrator of to-day, revelling in his glittering blacks-and-whites, has lost the taste and for which, possibly, he might have a certain mild contempt, but as a matter of fact it is not for a moment to be patronized. Its modest blacks and its

more frequent grays are good in themselves, they are well modulated and, above all, they go beautifully with the typography. The massive book, with its honest paper, its admirable type, its really workmanlike gilding, and its handsome binding, is to-day hopelessly old-fashioned, but the men who made it had their hearts in the right place. In it they indubitably erected a landmark.

Why, since it honorably figures as such, did it contribute next to nothing to the establishment of a really vitalized tradition? Because the illustrators of those days were moving about in worlds not realized, unaware as yet of the fact that only through contact with life could their art be adequately inspired. There is something rather odd about this situation, too, when you consider that there were artists in the field illustrating the dispatches of the war correspondents. But that fertilizing experience was not to make itself felt in any large sense until the war was over and men had time to settle down and digest what I may call its artistic lessons in the light of the European influences then slowly spreading through all the studios. A certain well-bred suavity pervades these "Sketch Book" illustrations. The figures, if not exactly "prettyfied," are more or less conventionalized and practically never suggest that they were observed from life. What the American illustrator had to learn was to look about him and to let himself go. Also he had enormously to develop his technique. And while he was doing this new processes for the reproduction of his work had to get themselves invented. Of these various phases of the subject the one involving technique is perhaps the most quickly arresting, largely because of what certain masters had been doing abroad to lift the art of illustration to a higher plane.

They were masters of the pen as well as of the brush. Meissonier in France and Menzel in Germany were above all things consummate draughtsmen. They brought into their work not only style but truth. Illustration under their hands took on a new lease of life and suddenly became interesting for its own sake. They showed how the pen drawing, handed over to the wood engraver and placed in a book at the service of another man's ideas, could nevertheless have its individual dignity and beauty as a work of art. Both men, as we have noted, were painters, and not only from their experience but from that of hundreds of others it is obvious that success in the one field is in no wise incompatible with success in the other. But I cannot forbear a parenthesis here on the curious attitude of which one is sometimes made aware amongst modern illustrators. You hear some young lion of the magazines

making light of the black-and-whites that he has recently "knocked off," and talking of his impatience to "get at something serious in color." Who is too great an artist to follow in the footsteps of Menzel and Vierge? Let the illustrator beware of so exalting the painter's art at the expense of his own that he comes to regard the latter as a crutch, only to be used until he can afford to spend his time in painting. I know that many illustrations to-day are, as a matter of fact, painted with the brush instead of being drawn with the pen. But the difference between black-and-white and color remains — that, and the principle that the only way in which to make good illustrations is to make them with an enthusiastic conviction of their illimitable possibilities.

It was with this belief that the American illustrator came into his own twenty-five or thirty years ago. Often he was a painter and drew for the magazines in the spacious intervals of "selling a picture." More often all his work was confined to the pen. But everybody in those halcyon days rejoiced in the making of an illustration and in lavishing upon it as much pains as could go to the production of a large canvas. Those, for example, were the days of the late Edwin Abbey's pictures for Herrick. Long afterward he won a great vogue in other and nominally more ambitious fields, but did he ever do anything possessing a finer charm than that of his early drawings? The charm, of course, was due, in great part to the poet; but it was due also to Abbey's originality, to his enthusiasm. I well remember the atmosphere enveloping the world of illustration in the '80's and '90's. The men in it were energized by a keen sense of the richness of their opportunity. They were not engaged merely in supplying the picture to go with the text; they were engaged in fashioning works of art, works of art of which they were very proud and about which people talked as they talked about the exhibitions at the Academy of Design. Nothing could have been healthier for the art of illustration. It used to be fairly exciting to observe the ardor with which drawings of all sorts were prepared for publication, not only the compositions printed, like Abbey's, as practically independent pictures, but the portraits of persons conspicuous at the moment, sketches of buildings and the like. We all remember Robert Blum for his paintings of Japan, his Venetian scenes, and the charming mural decorations he executed for Mendelssohn Hall. Some of us, I hope, remember him as gratefully too for the magazine illustrations that he made, the portraits of Salvini as Macbeth, Joe Jefferson as Bob Acres, and Irving as Vanderdecken. These things

made their little sensation when they "came out." They were definite artistic achievements.

There were many more that I would like to recall if it were not tedious work to write, or to read a long catalogue. Then, too, it is the spirit of that period rather than the full tale of its works that I wish to emphasize. Though the photograph had come in, the half-tone was only beginning to get itself developed, and the camera was not yet the artist's commercial rival. He might use it as an aid to his work, but there was still plenty of room in which to give his individuality free play. The topographical illustration in which the magazines have always been so rich was not as it so largely is to-day, a matter of photography. The pioneer work done by the late Harry Fenn in "Picturesque America" was followed up by the labors of scores of artists who gave to the press portraits of places raised to a higher power. Meanwhile, reproductive processes were being forced to keep pace with the prodigious strides made by the illustrators. At the outset the latter had accepted, with tolerably good grace, the intervention of the wood engraver. When that craftsman could not be dispensed with it was, of course, a waste of time to quarrel with him. But when the perfecting of mechanical processes made it possible to reproduce a pen drawing in absolute facsimile the illustrator may be said to have been set free; for the illustration, the wash-drawing as well as the pure black-and-white, was printed with its integrity untouched. It was the photographic process that did it, the process which has brought about equal good and evil in its train.

The evil, if I may use a possibly too severe term, was in the substitution of the characterless photograph for the characterful drawing. In every direction, save the illustration of stories, artistic charm was now only too frequently sacrificed to quite uninteresting truth. Portraiture in the magazines gained something, I suppose; and yet I am not sure that it gained very much. I recall a few theatrical portraits by Kenyon Cox, drawn with the pen after photographs. They are ten times more interesting than the original photographs could have been. As for the miscellaneous subjects, the landscapes and the buildings, the animals, the crowds, the episodes of travel, the battleships, and other monuments to the genius of an inventive age — how much more vividly are they brought home to us by the artist than by the half-tone from a photograph! And yet all the time the half-tone was demonstrating its usefulness to the artist. It could reproduce his work with fidelity, and that, for years, had been the artist's dream. He was very fortunate in this country. Some

years ago there was a publisher in Madrid who wanted to improve the quality of the reproductions he was printing. He had grievous difficulties in getting hold of a satisfactory process. After looking over the entire field he decided that it was necessary to look to America for the right process and the right workmen. The enormous popularity of the monthly magazine and of illustrated journalism generally, with our gift for mechanics playing into its hands, has, of course, been at the bottom of all those conveniences placed at the disposal of our illustrators. Now that the color process has been added to their resources they can do practically anything they like. They can do anything they like as regards technique. But illustration, peculiarly amongst the various forms of art, cannot live by technique alone.

Our pictures for fiction have been mostly of a rather stereotyped order. Perhaps it is not unreasonable to find some excuse for this in the fact that this is not precisely a poetic, imaginative age. It takes the rare man of genius to break through the prosaic crust of things and embody in his work something like inspiration. Whom may we blame, save the high gods who look after these mysteries, because we receive not more than once in a generation a gift like the illustrations for the "Rubaiyát" made by Elihu Vedder? Let us at least congratulate ourselves that those incomparable designs were drawn by an American. We have, too, another cause for satisfaction. In the absence of any widely diffused imaginative powers the school has been thrown back upon a resource no less potent in other ways for good. It has been thrown back upon life, the everyday life which, in the twentieth century more than ever before, seems to reinvigorate the artist as the earth gave its virtue to Antæus. The masterly illustrated books of our time have been dedicated as it happens to the genius of the past. Menzel's "Frederick the Great," Vierge's "Don Quixote," Abbey's "Shakespeare," and Vedder's "Omar Khayyám" sharply enforce this point. Yet modern illustration is nothing if not contemporaneous, fed at the springs of daily actuality. How our old friends of the "Sketch Book" would have shuddered if they could have foreseen the liberties which their successors were to take with the polite laws of the studios, liberties suggested by the simple process of looking out of the window. And yet they might have guessed what was coming. *Punch* has been known in this country since it started and Charles Keene joined the staff of that famous periodical as far back as 1851. However, it was not perhaps to be expected that his example would for a long time exert much influence here, considering that to this day *Punch* itself is only half-

heartedly faithful to his ideal. Keene was a great draughtsman by the grace of the gods, and thanks to his sympathetic observation of the world in which he lived. I have said that illustration cannot live by technique alone. Without ideas it must perish. Keene was brimful of ideas, those that you acquire when you have the seeing eye.

So it has been with the leaders in French illustration. What would Steinlen and Léandre have been without their Montmartre? What would Forain have done without the types of the Parisian boulevards? Like Daumier and Gavarni before them, they are men for whom the visible world exists. I know how wide a range modern illustration has taken, how gay and decorative it has been. In England the realism of Keene and Phil May has been rivalled by the grace of Fred Walker, the mediæval charm of Burne-Jones, the delicate craftsmanship and the fresh fancies of Tenniel and Sambourne, and the bizarre sleight-of-hand of Aubrey Beardsley. Enchanting memories come back as I write — I think of Boyd Houghton's beautiful designs for Cervantes, of certain romantic illustrations by Frederick Sandys, and of Holman Hunt's bewitching "Lady of Shalott" in the little woodcut for the old Moxon edition of "Tennyson." And so, across the Channel, too, I find myself ruminating on any number of things clever, witty, fantastic or terrible by Grasset, Willette, Boutet de Mouvel, Caran d'Ache, Morin, Leloir, Lepère, Félicien Rops, and a hundred others. In Germany the adventurous spirits of *Jugend* and *Simplicissmuss* are there to remind us that the illustrator is indeed a very Protæan individual. But what, I ask again, would he be without the things that happen every day, just outside his door, or, at any rate, within the striking distance rendered manageable for us by our latter-day means of transportation? In the United States he would be lost.

If the art of illustration can claim, in America, to possess one particular virtue, it is the virtue of being alive. For this we have to thank not only the magazines, without which illustration would scarcely have existed here at all, but the newspapers and the humorous weeklies. The taste for caricature is in our blood. Is it not the observation of all our foreign critics that the American laughs at everything, sacred and profane? Nast, the most famous of our cartoonists, won his renown through grim war with corrupt politics, but, first and last, American caricature has been full of fun, the expression of a national habit of mind. That is why I think it has played a not superficially perceptible but nevertheless very effective part in the

fostering of an American school of illustration. It has done so through helping to form the public taste for pictures in periodicals, through contributing to that atmosphere in which artist and reader are at ease with one another. There is nothing esoteric about American illustration. Its appeal is lively, shrewd, direct. It does not so much create its own picturesqueness as find it in the material at hand.

When Frederic Remington went West to draw the cowboy and the Indian it did not occur to him to fling the glamour of the studio over his frontier types. He drew them as he saw them, and he saw them with the sharp, accurate, coolly appraising American eye. A. B. Frost could be comical enough to upset the gravity of a cast-iron stag on a suburban lawn, but even through the tearful mirth of "The Bull Calf" or "Our Cat Takes Rat Poison" there runs the golden thread of sober truth. In his jokes as in his ordinary friendly studies of rustic groups he keeps to the very form and pressure of American life. We flatter our pretty girls and their athletic lovers half to death, but, apart from that concession to the cult for candy, we stick to wholesome bread and water. We reap our reward in an abundance of character, of human interest, of movement. Our illustrations have plenty of "go," and light up the page in ways that are inexhaustibly clever and amusing. If they err, taking them as a whole, it is on the side of restraint. American draughtsmanship — and I speak here of style pure and simple — is deft, vivacious, graceful, refined. The talent behind it is strengthened by knowledge, careful study, and, above all, sympathy for current interests and conditions. It has done much to command respect and admiration, and every day it is doing more.

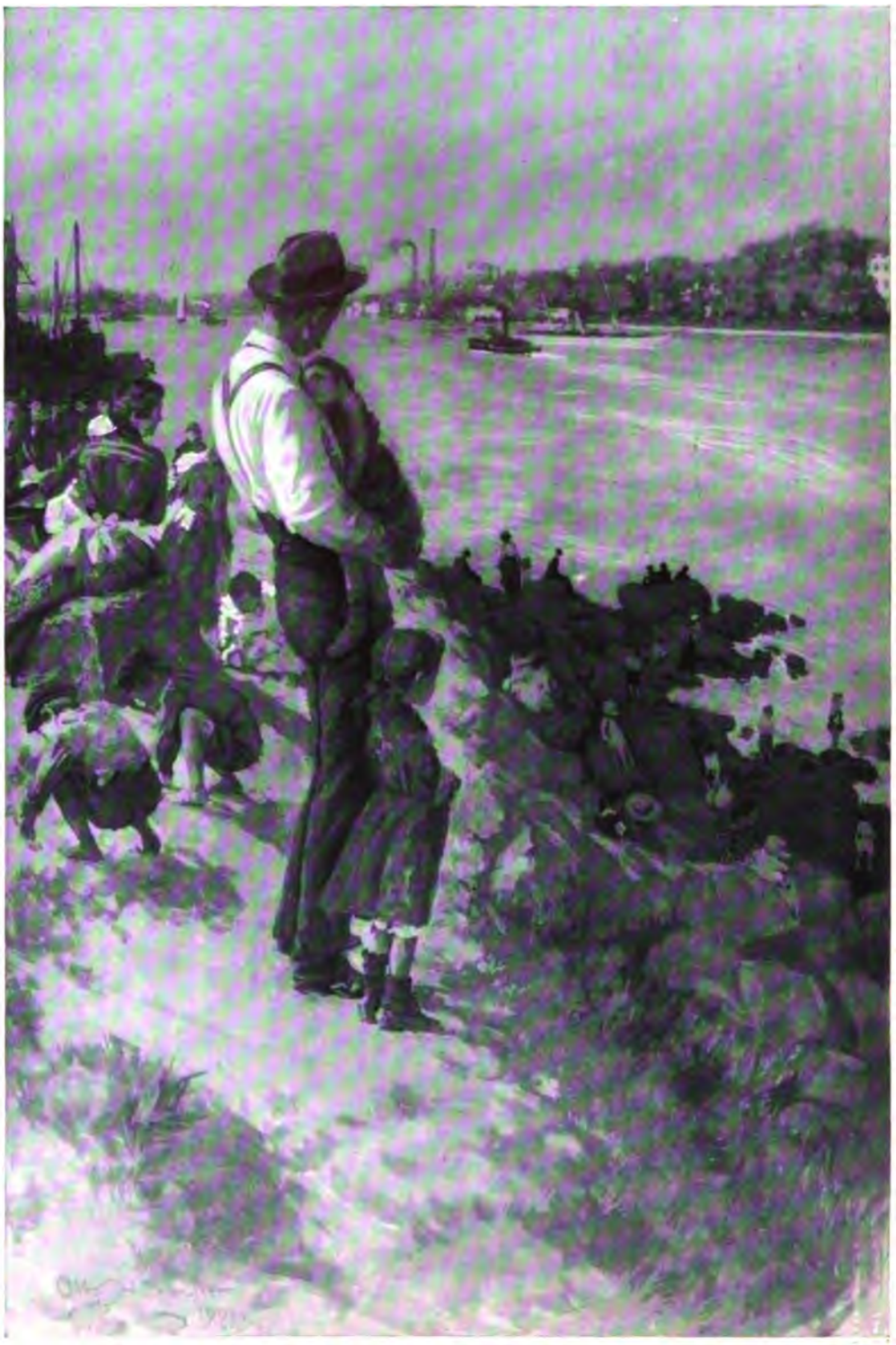
ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

New York, August 20, 1911.

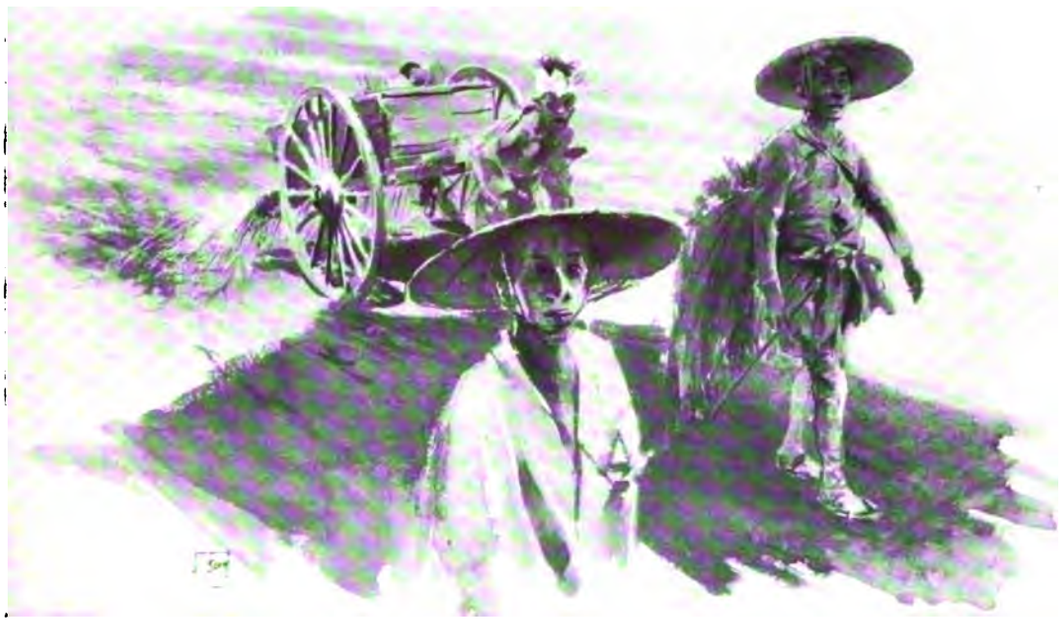
ANNUAL OF THE SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS

Edwin A. Abbey, deceased

From "She Stoops to Conquer"



Otto H. Bacher, deceased *A Bit of the East River Front*

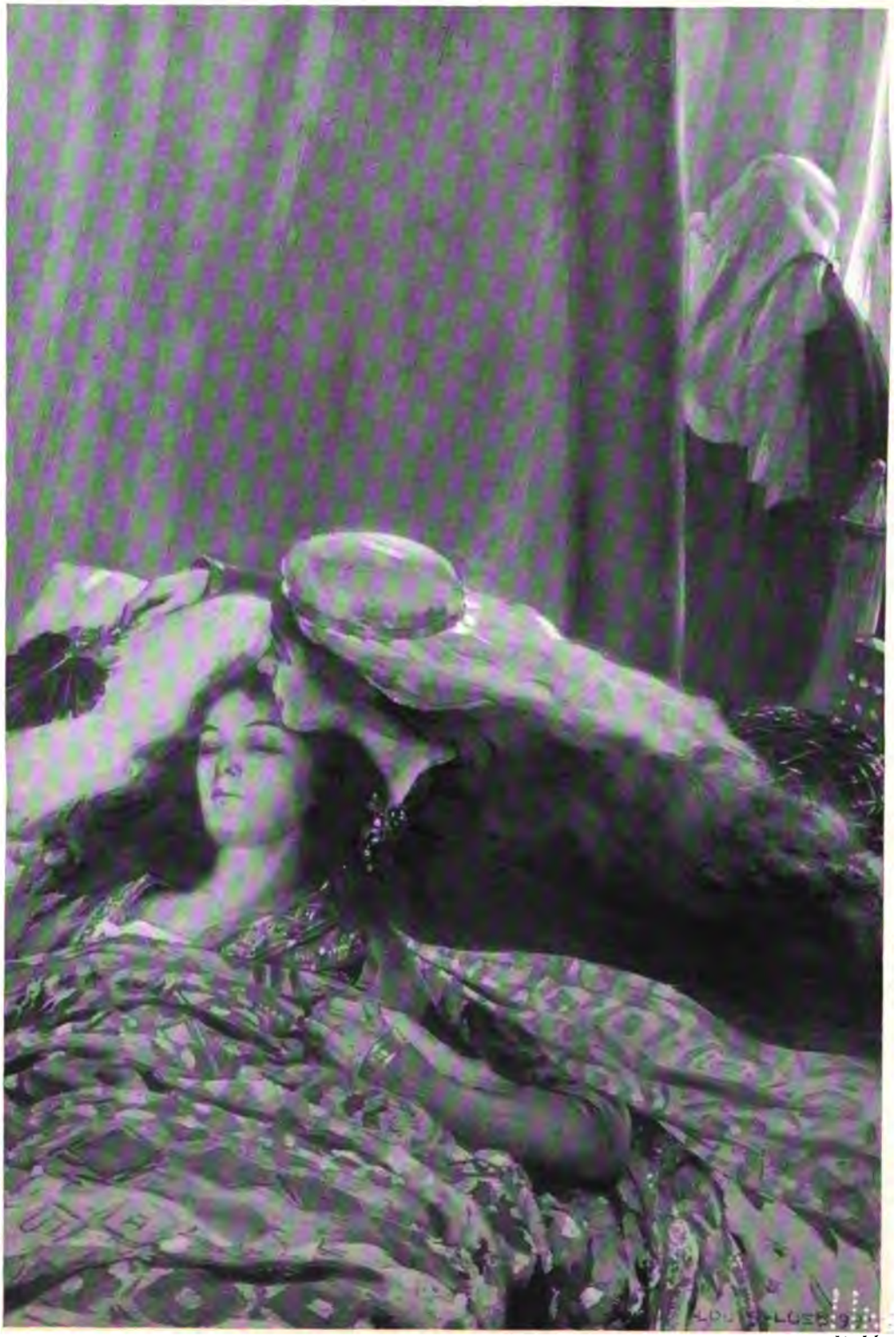


Robert Blum, deceased

A Japanese Watering-Cart

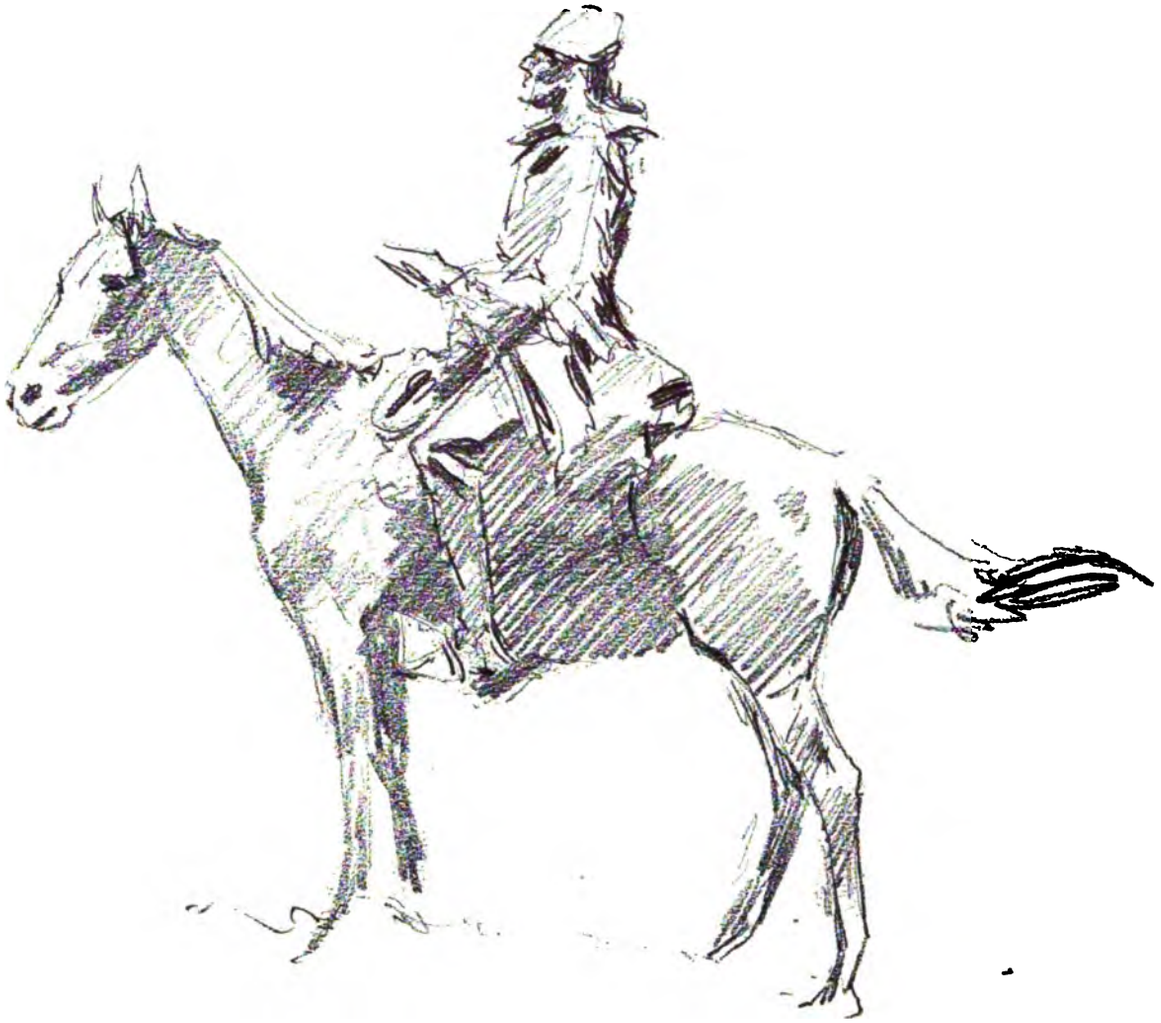
Harry Fenn, deceased

Ganne's Hotel, Barbizon



Louis Loeb, deceased

A Drawing from "Via Crucis"



Frederic Remington, deceased *A Sketch*

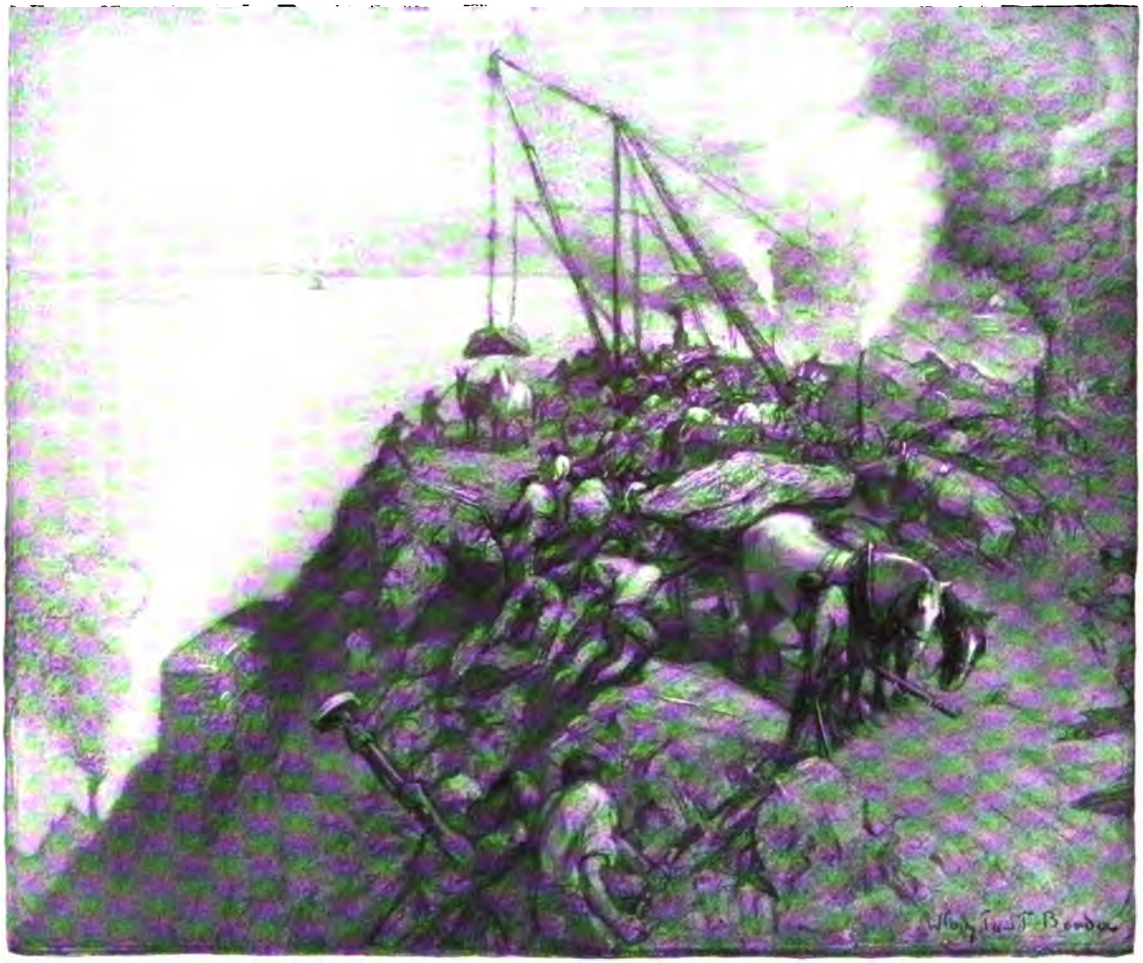
By courtesy of Mr. James F. Ballard

W. J. Aylward *Old Ocean*

E. M. Ashe — *Queen of the Burlesque*

Daniel Carter Beard

Before Science Invaded the Ocean



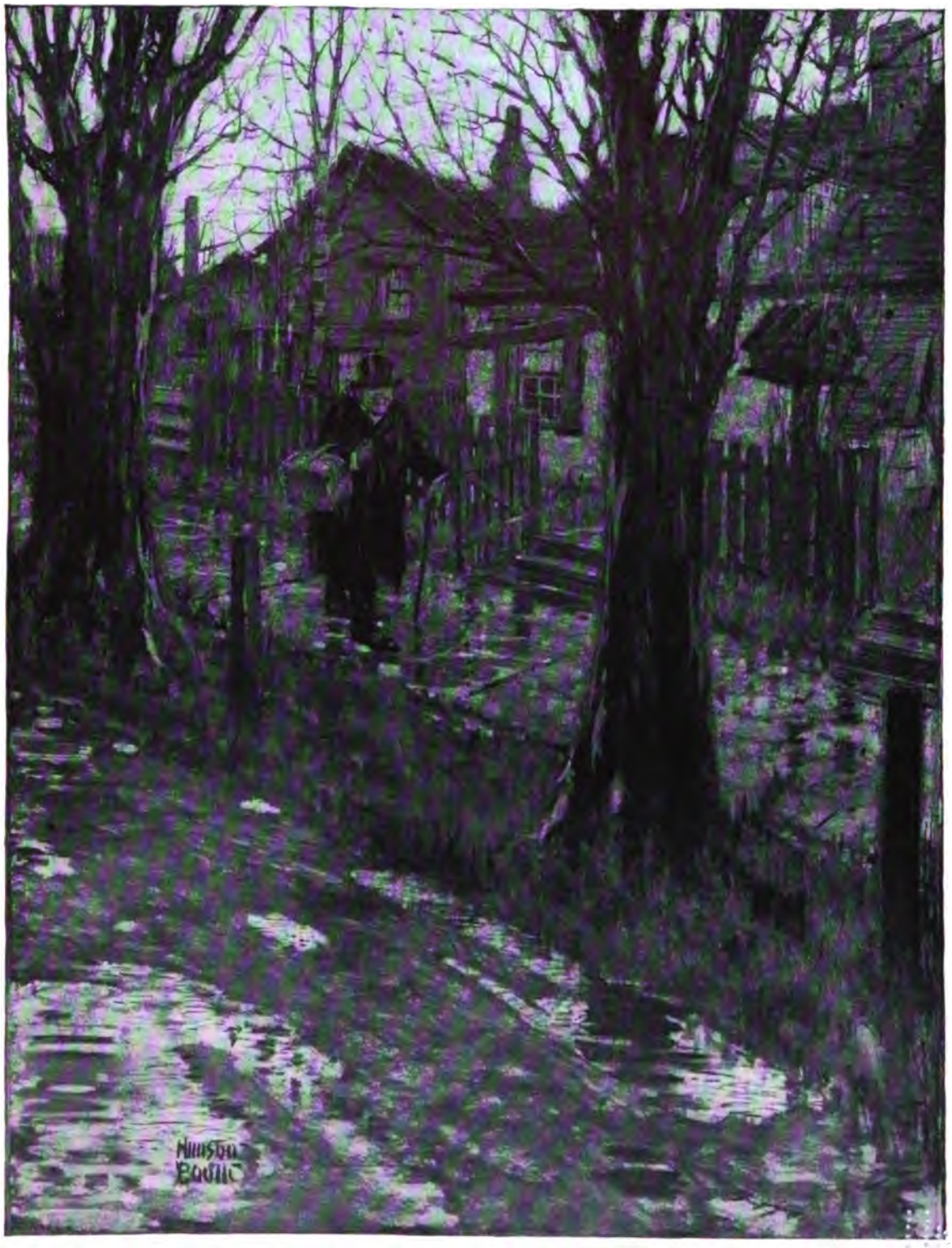
W. T. Benda

Works on Hudson River

Gerrit A. Beneker *A Drink of Water*

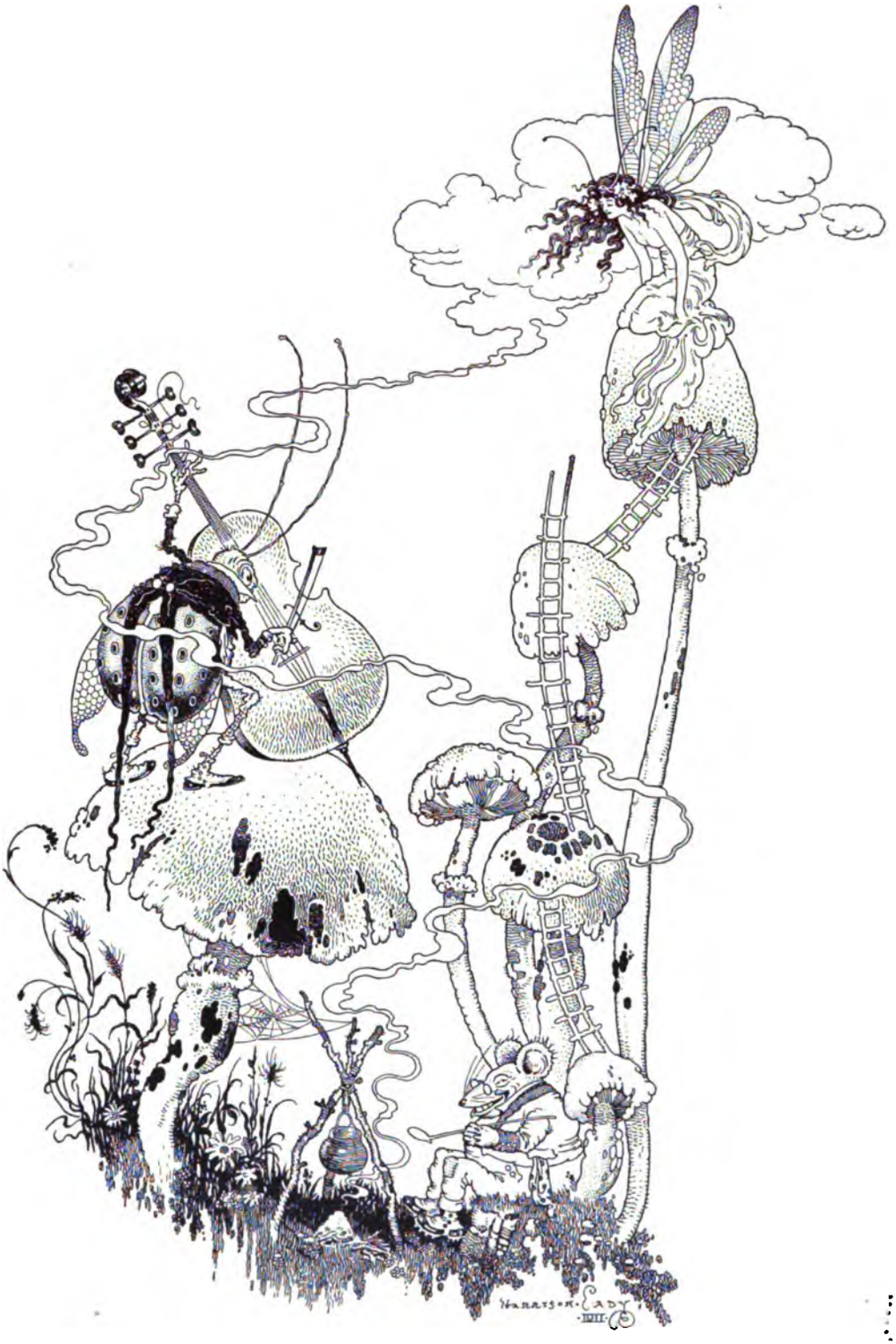
E. L. Blumenschein *A German Tragedian*

Franklin Booth — *The Valley of Silence*

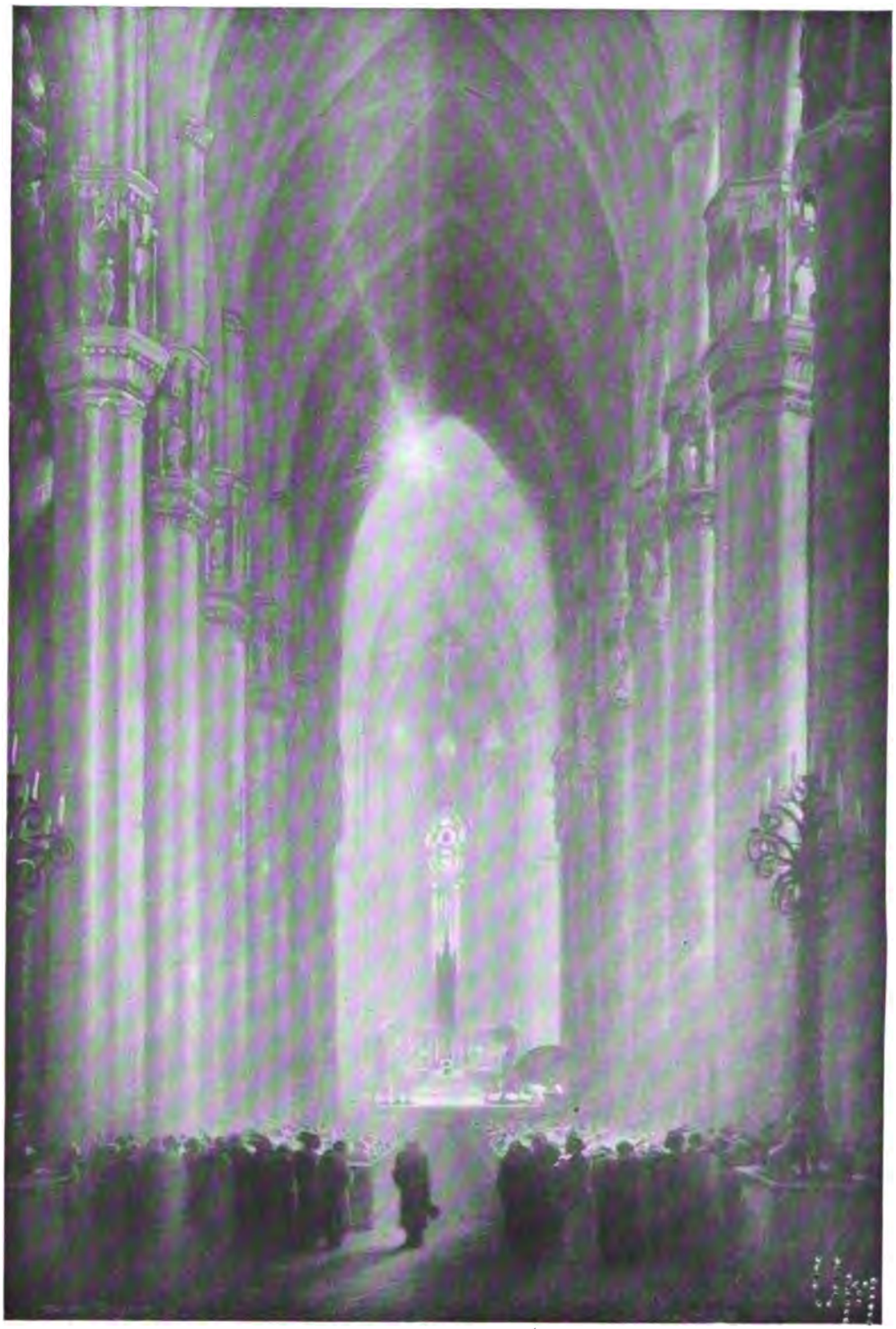


Hanson Booth *The Village Street*

Paul Bransom *Portrait Study*

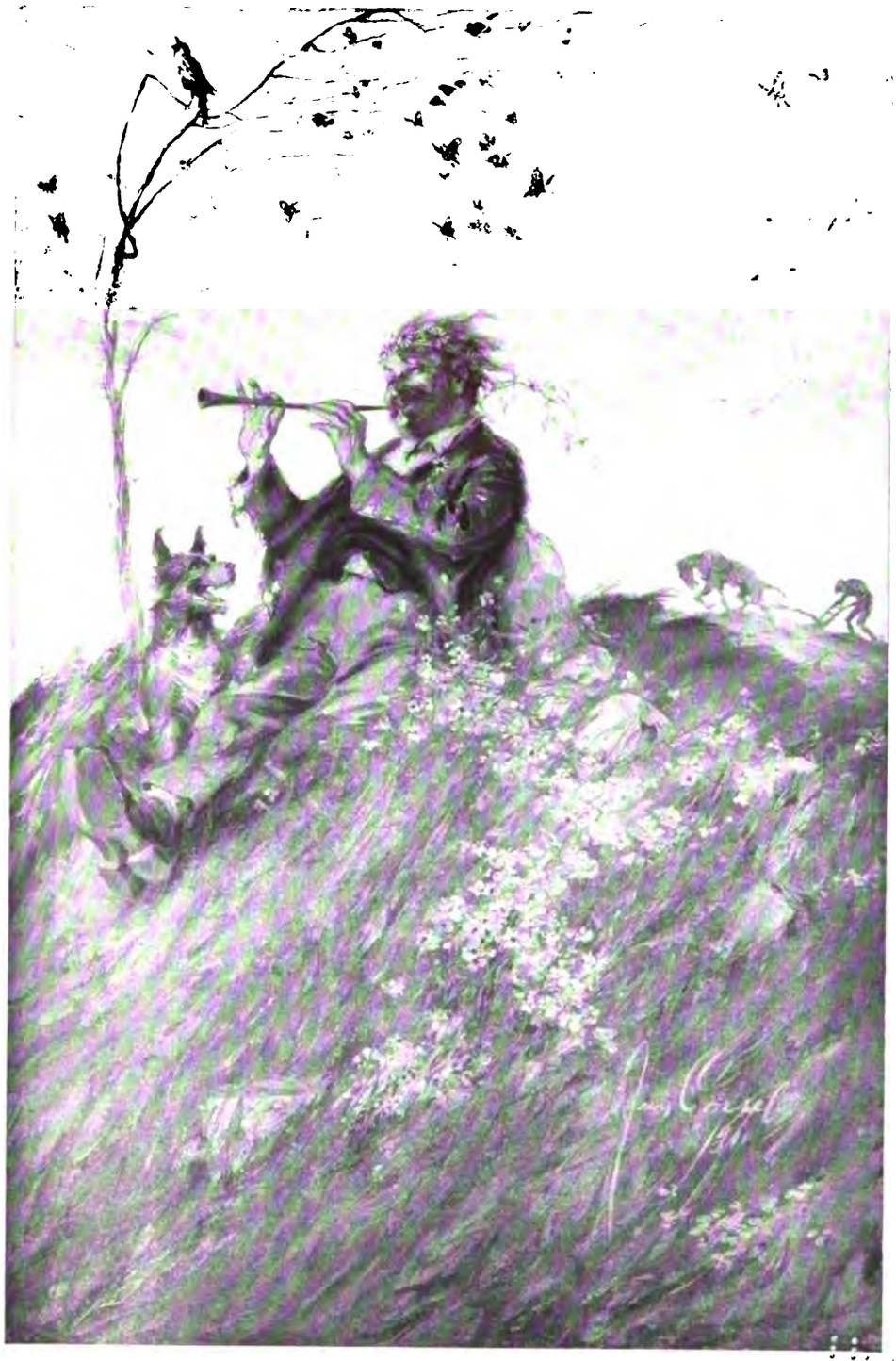


Harrison Cady *While the Kettle Boils*



Blendon Campbell **The Light**

Clifford Carleton *The Unwelcome Before-Breakfast Caller*



John H. Cassel

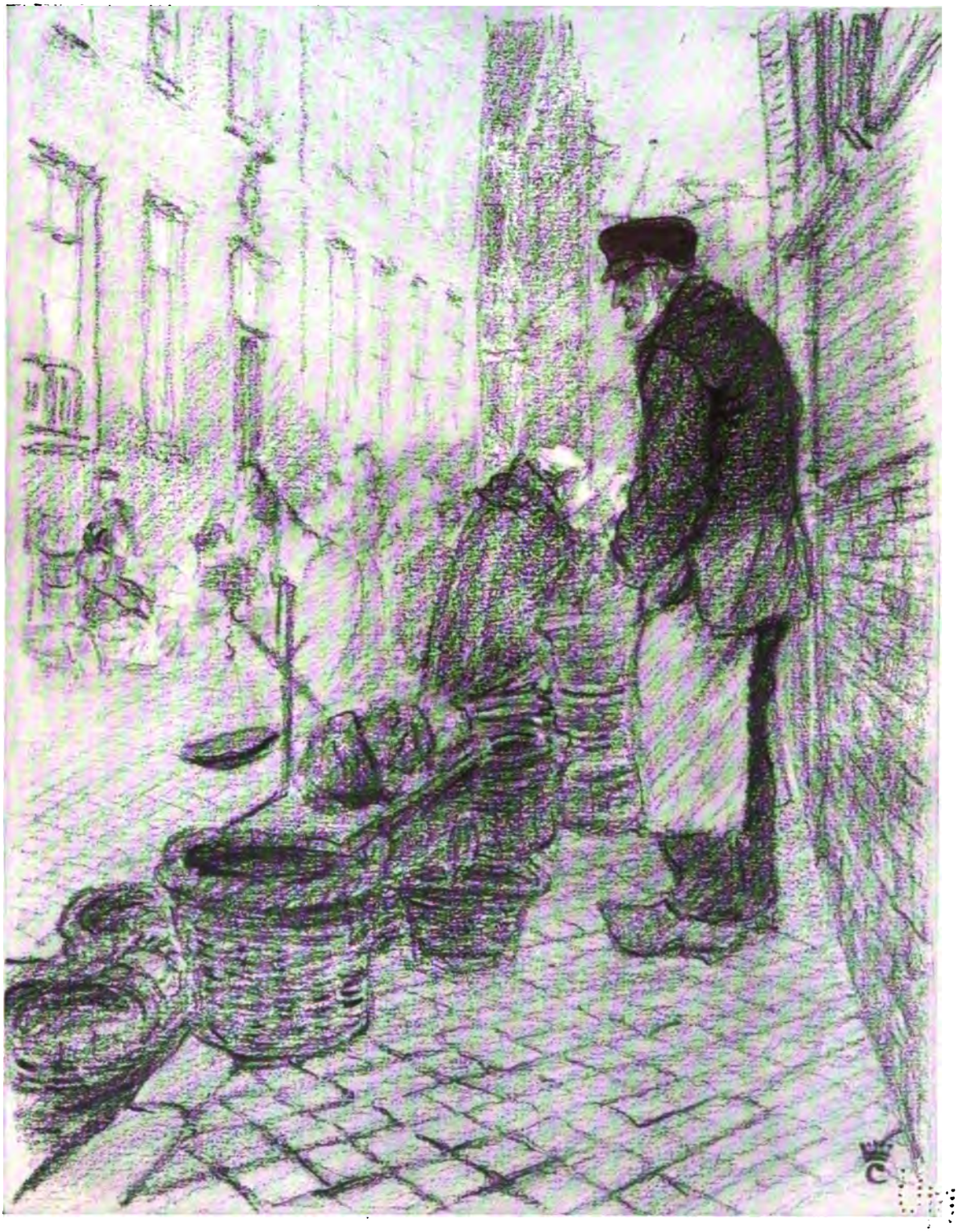
Indolence

Tecolote Rancho
March 1911.

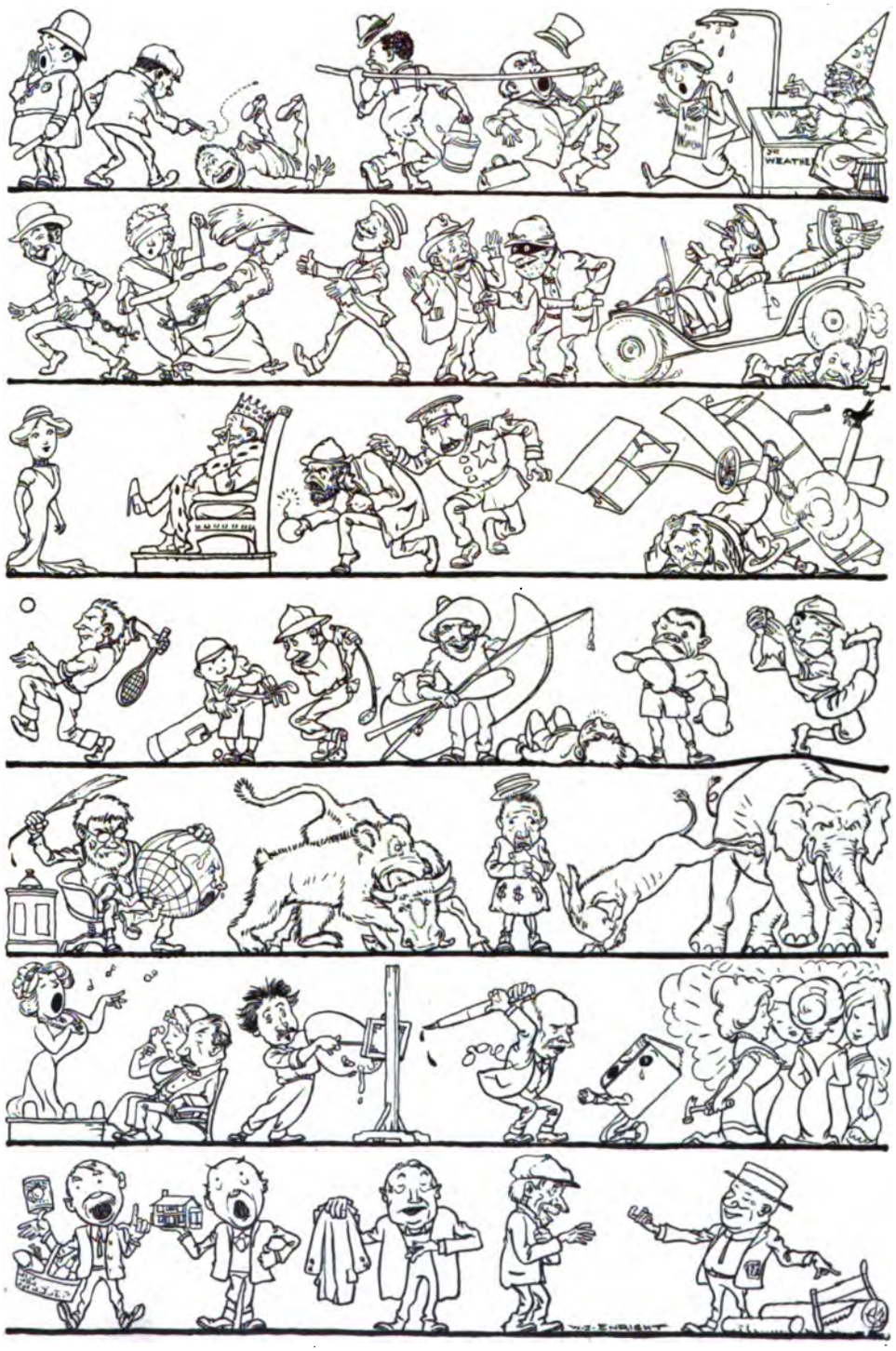
F. Graham Cootes

F. Graham Cootes

Portrait of Allen Kelly



E. Stetson Crawford *Jan of the Market*



Walter J. Enright *The Newspaper*

Charles B. Falls

Spring

Louis Fancher *The Pony Ballet*

Harrison Fisher *At the Horse Show*

James Montgomery Flagg

Portrait of Charles Dana Gibson

Thomas Fogarty *A Study*

William F. Foster

A Study

Edmund Frederick *Sour Grapes*

Charles Dana Gibson *A Friend of the "Society"*

C. Allan Gilbert

A Study

Howard Giles

The Crisis

Gordon Grant

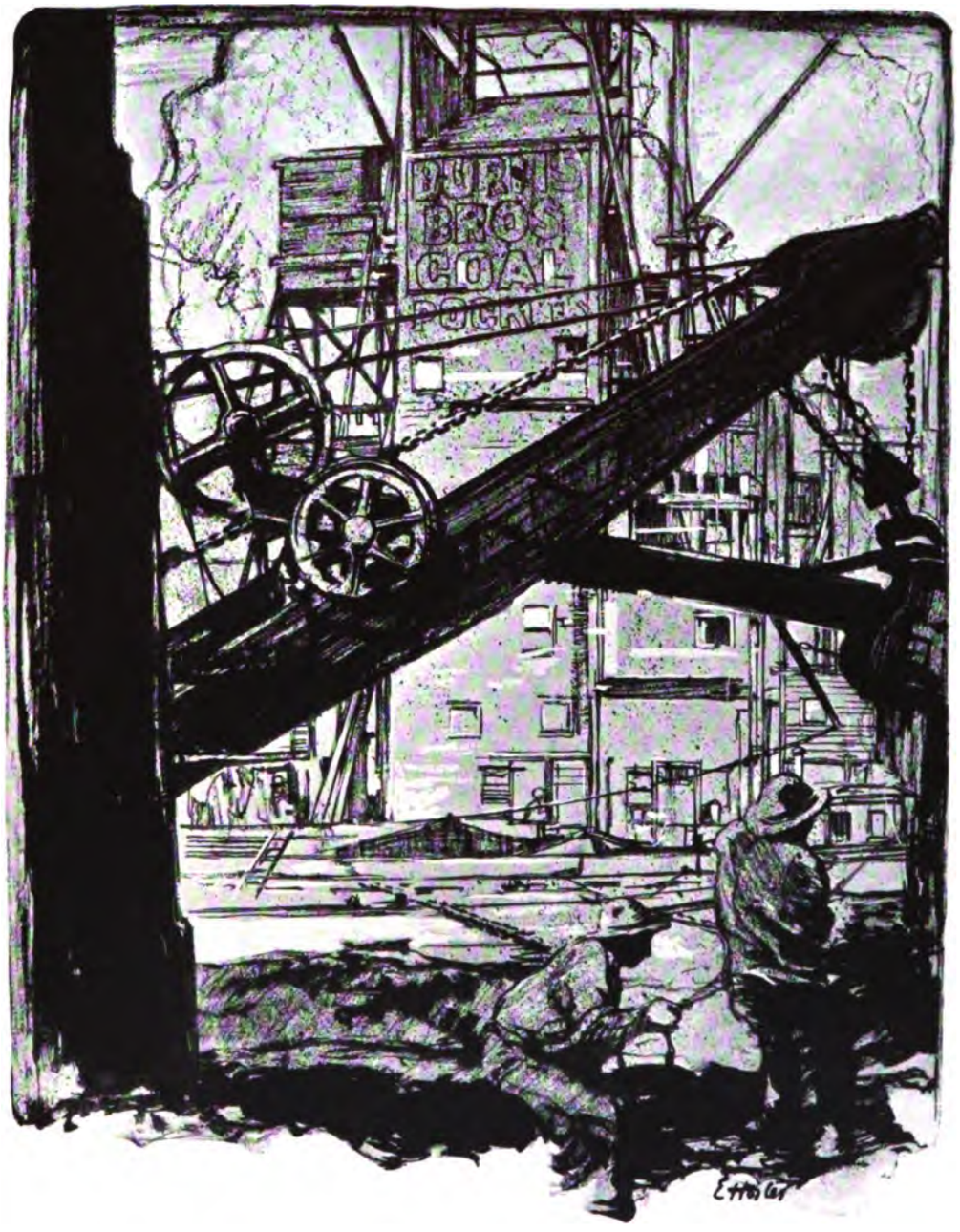
A Study

T. K. Hanna *The Love Story*

Howard Heath *The Raconteur*

Lejaren Hiller *The Pianist*

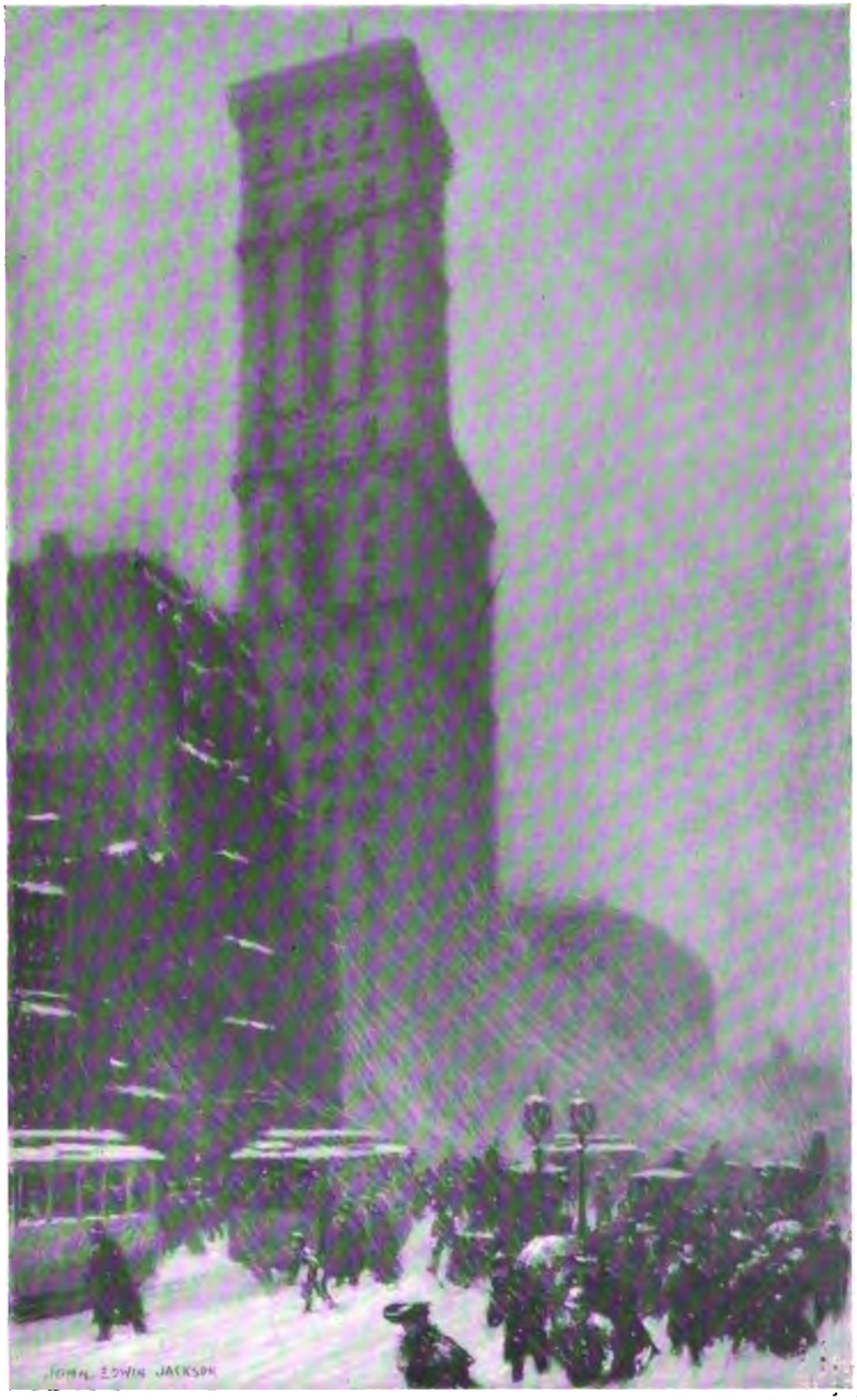
Lucius W. Hitchcock



Earl Horter *The Coal Pocket*

Henry Hutt *Coquette*

O. T. Jackman *In the Studio*



John Edwin Jackson *The Times Building*

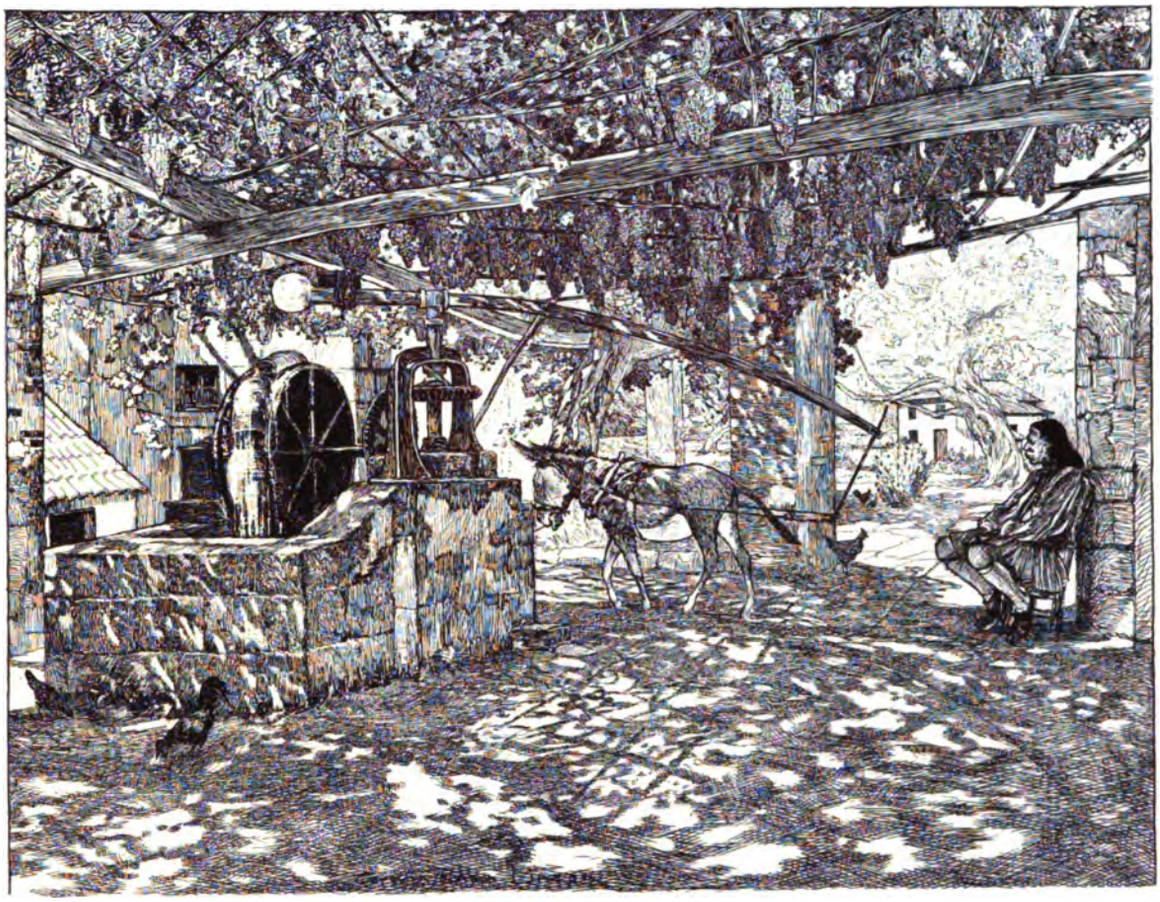
W. L. Jacobs *The Pride of the Village*

A. I. Keller *The Blacksmith's Portrait*

Alonzo Kimball *A Study*

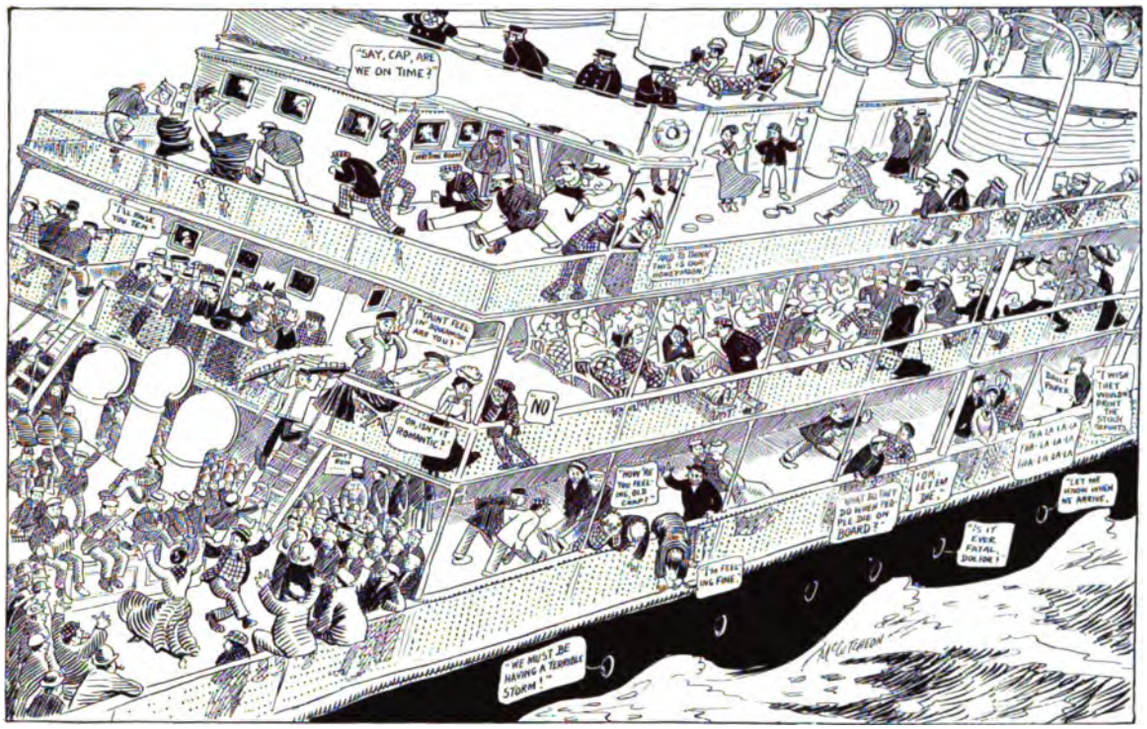
W. B. King *The Game*

Troy Kinney *A Portrait Sketch*



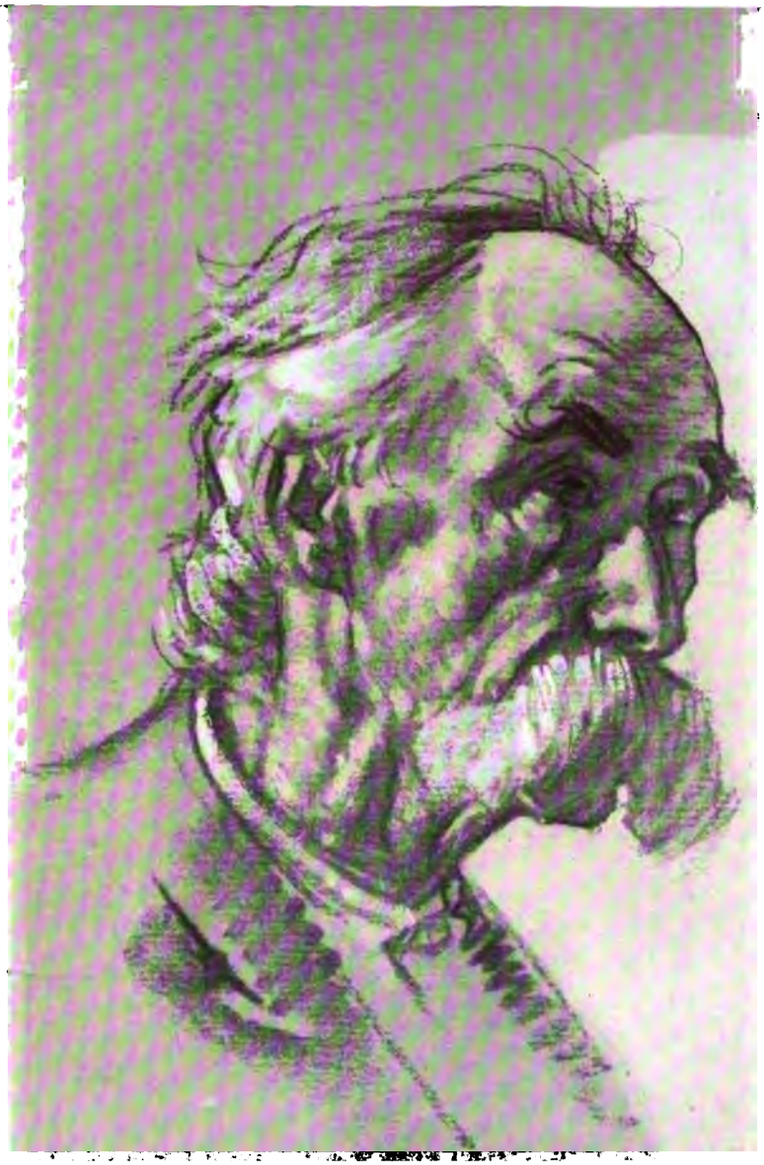
Corwin Knapp Linson *A Greek Water-Wheel*

Frederick Lowenheim — *A Study*



John P. McCutcheon

An American Invasion of Europe



F. B. Masters

Frank B. Masters *Jim, the Lumberman*

PAUL JULIEN MEYLAN

Paul Julien Meylan *A Study*

F. Luis Mora

Spanish Gypsies

Wallace Morgan

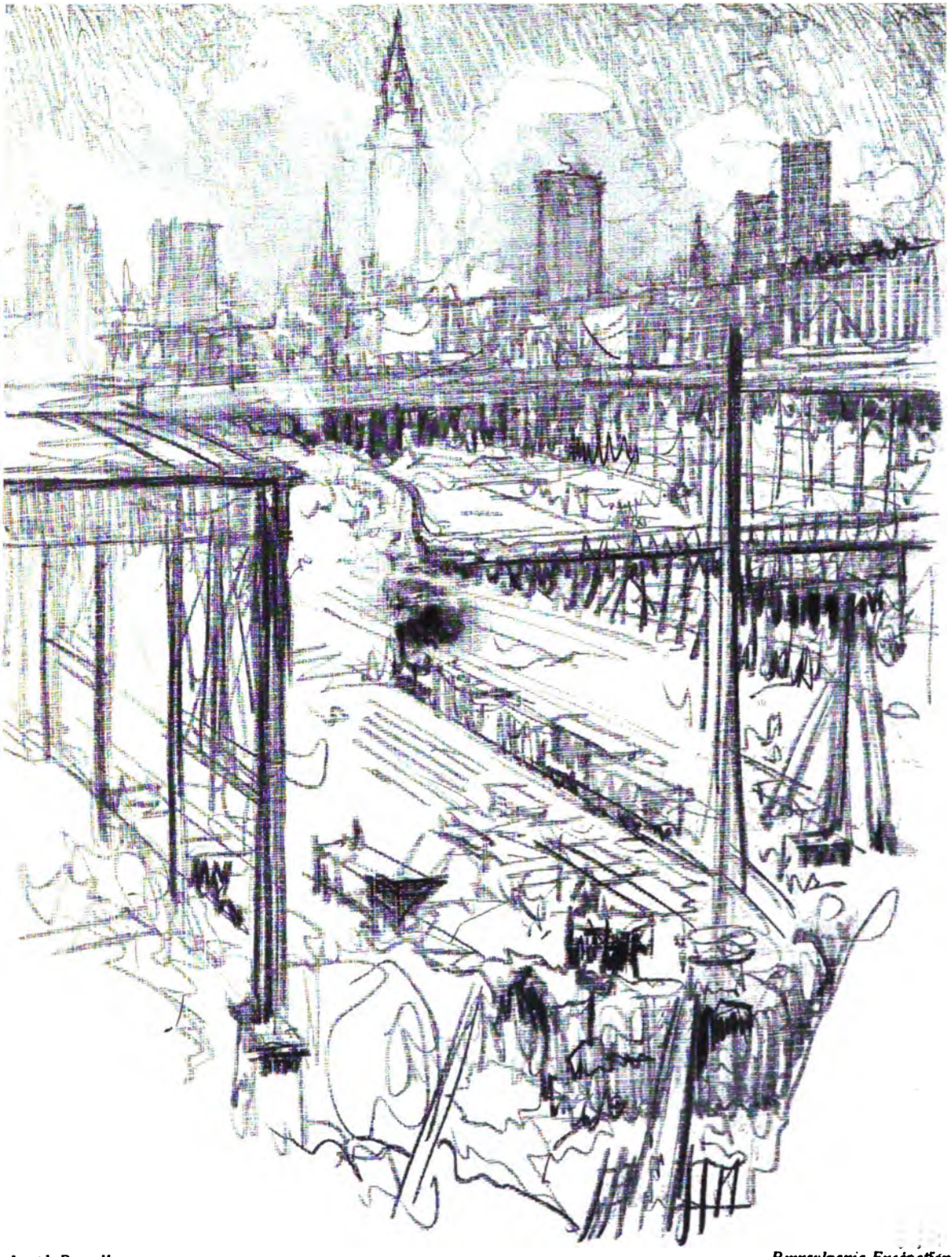
By Summer Seas

G. Patrick Nelson *Wasted Affections*

H. A. Ogden *Princeton, 1777*

Frederick Burr Opper

"'Twas Ever Thus"



Joseph Pennell *Pennsylvania Excavation*

Charles F. Peters *Peer Gynt*

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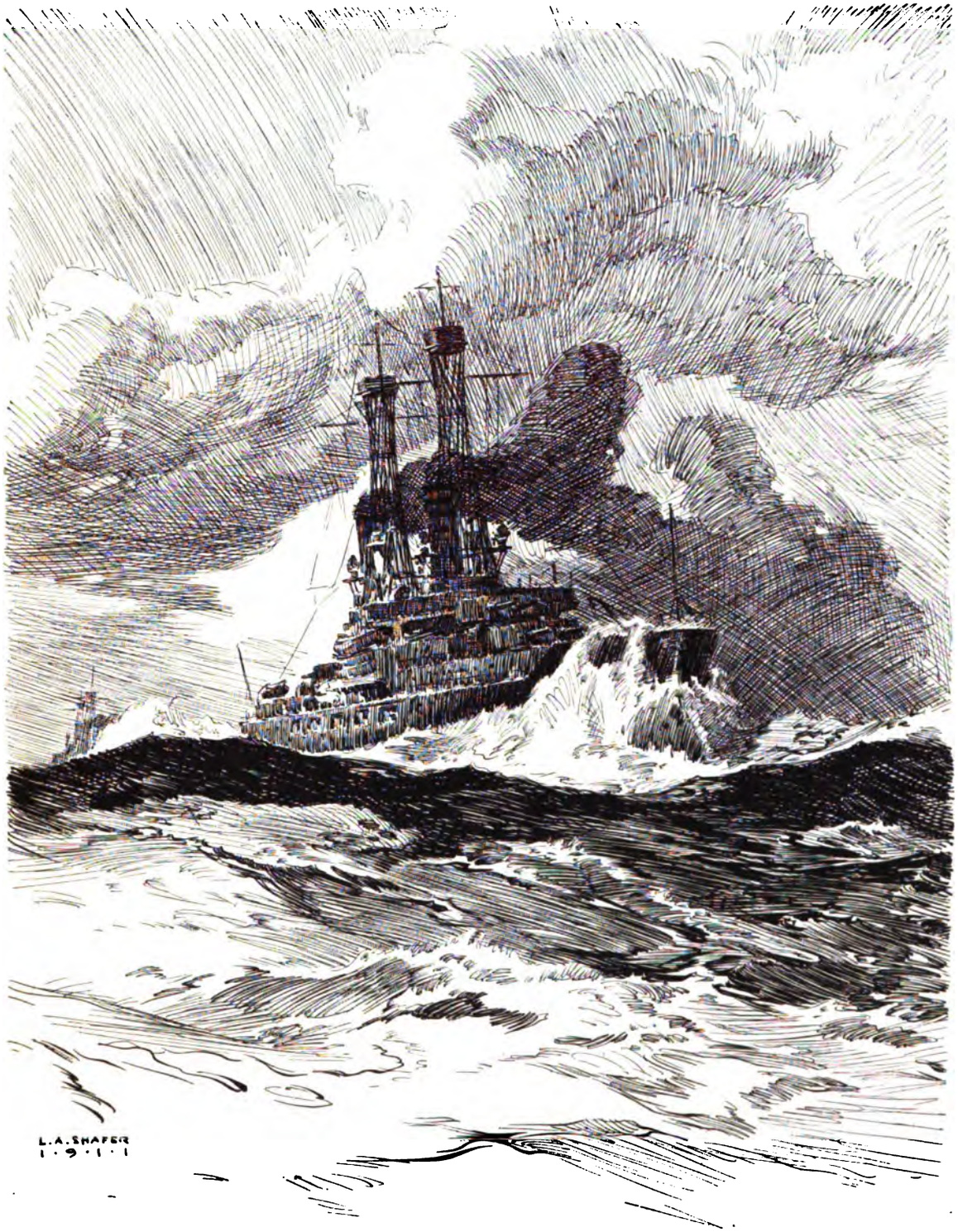

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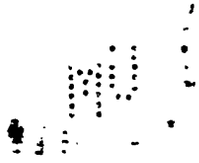
Frank Snapp *A Good Joke*



C. Clyde Squires *A Romance in the Wings*

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E. Dalton Stevens

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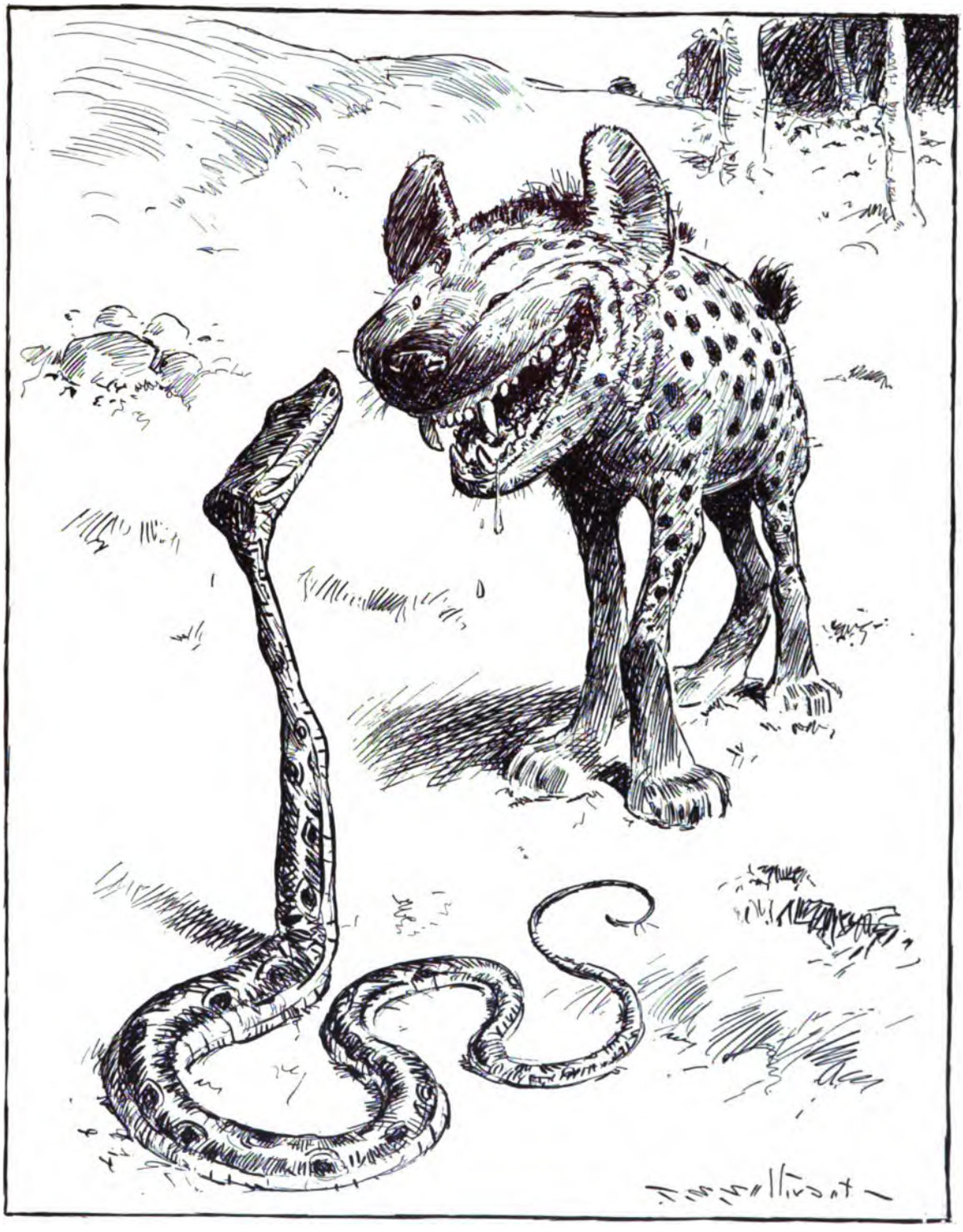

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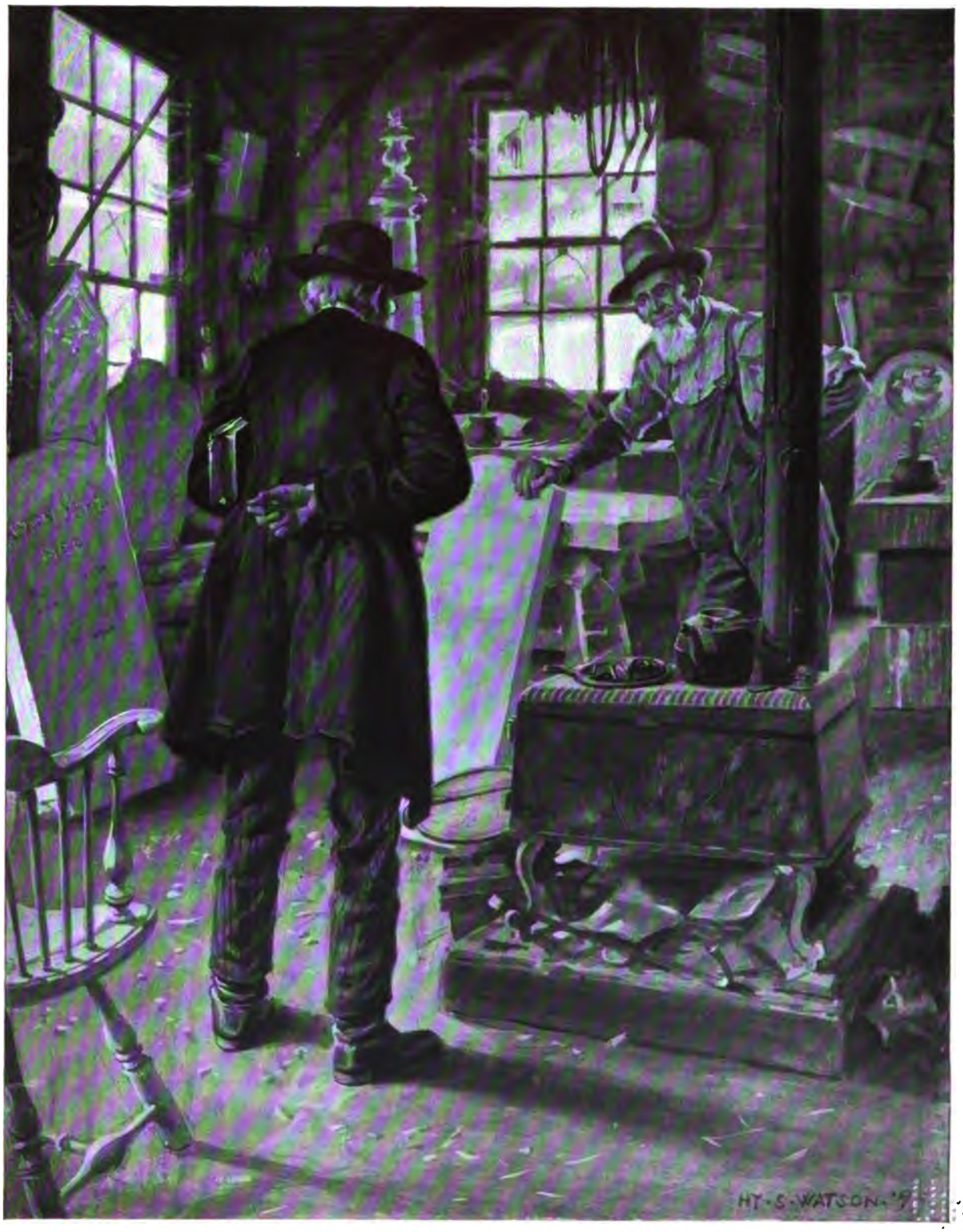
Harry Townsend

The Veteran



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J. Scott Williams *Unloading Fish*

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George Wright *Gossips*

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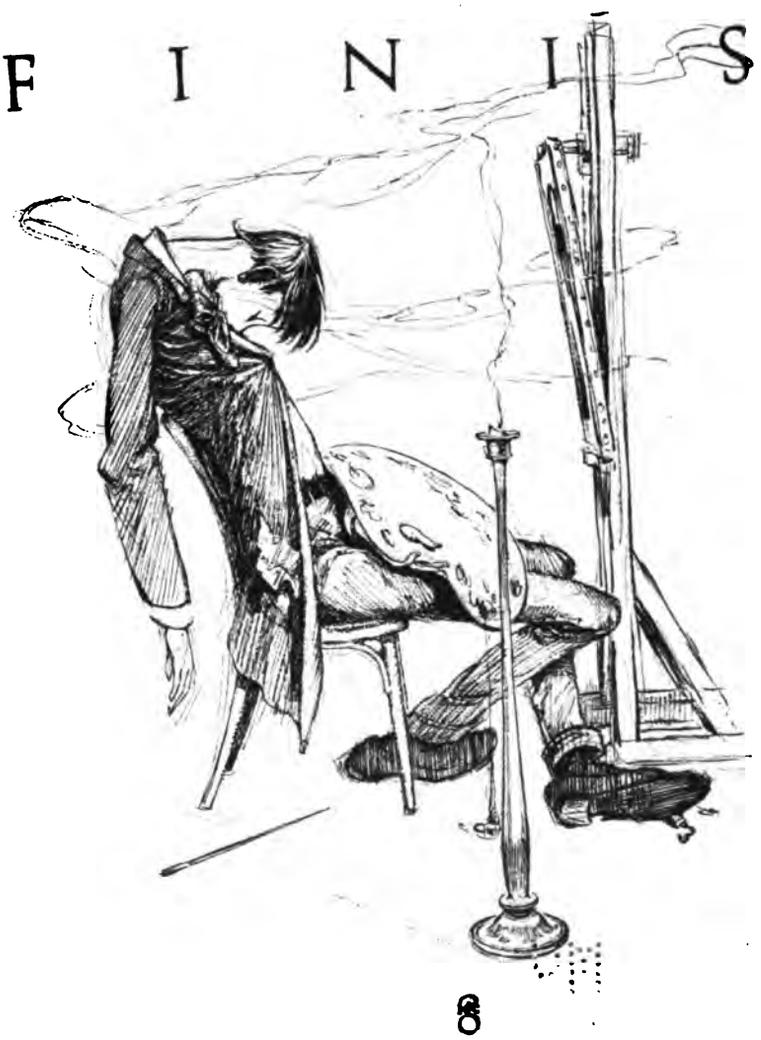

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